David and Beerſheba.

To a new Tune. *Enter'd according to Act of Parliament.*

WHEN *David* in *Jeruſalem*
As Royal King did rule and reign,
Behold what happen'd unto him,
That afterwards procur'd his Pain:
On the Top of all his Palace
A gallant Proſpect there had he,
From whence he might, as pleas'd his Grace,
Many a gallant Garden ſee.

It chanced ſo upon a Day,
The King went forth to take the Air,
All in the pleaſant Month of May,
Whereas he ſpy'd a Lady fair,
Her Beauty was moſt excellent,
And brighter than the Morning Sun;
By which the King in continent
Was to her Favour quickly won.

She ſtood within a pleaſant Bower
All naked, for to waſh her there,
Her Body like a Lilly-flower,
Was cover'd with her ſilken Hair:

The King was wounded with her Love,
And what ſhe was he did require;
He could not his Affections move,
He had in her ſuch a great Deſire.

She is *Uriah*'s Wife, quoth they,
A Captain of your Princely Train,
That in your Wars is now away,
And ſhe doth all alone remain.

Then ſaid the King, Bring her to me,
For with her Love my Heart is ſlain;
The Princeſs of Beauty ſure is ſhe,
For whom I do great Grief ſuſtain.

The Servants they do ſoon prepare
To do the Meſſage of the King;
And *Beerſheba*, that Lady fair,
Unto the Court did quickly bring.

The King rejoyced at her Sight,
And won her Love, and laid her by;
When they in Sport had ſpent that Night,
And that the Sun was riſen high,

The King his Leave moſt kindly took,
Till that three Months were gone and paſt,
And then again he did return
With wondrous ſpeed and haſte;
And then in *Beerſheba* ſo fair,
She found her former Health exil'd,
By certain Tokens that ſhe ſaw,
The King had gotten her with Child.

Then to the King ſhe made her Moan,
And told him how the Caſe did ſtand;
The King ſent for her Husband home,
To cloak the Matter out of hand.
When from the Camp *Uriah* came,
The King receiv'd him courteouſly,
Demanding how all Things did frame,
Concerning of the Enemy.

Uriah ſhewed his Highneſs all
The Accidents of Warlike Striſe;
Then ſaid the King, This Night you ſhall
Keep Company with your own Wife.
The Ark of God, *Uriah* ſaid,
With *Judah*'s Hoaſt and *Iſrael*
Keep in the Field, and not a Man
Within the Houſe where they do dwell;

Then ſhould I take my Eaſe (quoth he)
In Bed of Down with my fair Wife?
O King, he ſaid, that may not be
So long as I enjoy my Life.
Then did the King a Letter frame,
To *Joab*, General of the Hoaſt,
And by *Uriah* ſent the ſame,
But certainly his Life it coſt.

And when the King for certain knew
Uriah thus had murdered been,
Fair *Beerſheba* to the Court he drew,
And made of her his Royal Queen.
Then God that ſaw this wicked Deed,
Was angry at King *David*'s Sin;
The Prophet *Nathan* then with ſpeed
Came thus complaining unto him:

O *David*, ponder what I ſay,
A great Abuſe I ſhall you tell;
For thou that rul'ſt in Equity,
Should ſee the People ruled well:

Two Men within the City dwell,
The one is rich, the other poor;
The rich in Cattle doth excel,
The other nothing hath in ſtore,

Saving one little ſilly Sheep,
Which young he did with Money buy,
With his own Bread he did it feed,
Amongſt his Children tenderly:
The rich Man had a Stranger came
Unto his Houſe, that lov'd him dear,
The poor Man's Sheep therefore he took,
And thereof made his Friend good cheer;

Becauſe that he his own would ſave,
Hé us'd the Man moſt cruelly.
Then by the Lord, the King did ſwear,
The rich Man for that Fault ſhould die.
Thou art the Man, the Prophet ſaid,
The Princely Crown God gave to thee,
The Lord's Wife thou thy own haſt made,
And many more of fair Beauty.

Why haſt thou ſo defiled thy Life,
And ſlain *Uriah* with the Sword,
And taken home his wedded Wife,
Regarding not God's holy Word?
Therefore behold, thus ſaith the Lord,
Great Wars upon thy Houſe ſhall be;
Becauſe thou haſt my Laws abhorr'd,
Much Ill be ſure I'll caſt on thee.

I'll take thy Wives before thy Face,
And give them to thy Neighbour's Uſe,
And thou thereby ſhall reap Diſgrace,
For Man ſhall laugh at thy Abuſe.
Then *David* cried out piteouſly,
Sore have I ſinned againſt the Lord,
In Mercy therefore look on me,
Let not my Prayers be abhorr'd.

But as the Prophet told to him,
So did it after chance indeed,
For God did greatly plague his Sin,
As in the Bible you may read.
The Scourge of Sin thus you may ſee,
For Murder and Adultery;
And grant that we may warned be,
Such crying Sins to ſhun and flee.

NORTHAMPTON, Printed by *William Dicey*; by whom all Chapmen, Travellers, &c. may be ſupply'd with the beſt Sorts of Old and New Ballads, Broadſheets, Hiſtories, Royal Sheets, Pictures cut in Wood or engrav'd on Copper, with finer CUTS, much better printed, and cheaper than in any other Place in *England*.